

## **Brocas Helm**

### **"Into The Ithilstone"**

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I watched for you by the Eastern gate  
Till the bloody break of day  
Then I drove the needle deep  
And slowly ran away

Dragons to the left of me  
Demons to the right  
The dark lord smiles with scarlet eyes  
As the silver vampire bites

A million stars blaze in my hand  
And moon flames in my hair  
So like the time you touched me first  
But this time you're not there

Instead a rider cloaked in black  
With deadly dreaming eyes

Soars near me on a ghastly steed  
Whose thunder fills the skies

Now lurking near the Eastern gate  
I hold a crystal blade  
It's edges greened with venom stain  
It's orc-hilt pitted jade

I feel his will gush through my brain  
In endless waves of gore  
Yet, still the question breathes within  
Who am I waiting forr?

Into the Ithilstone  
Reflection searing bright  
Burning in my private hell  
Caught in the grip of night

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